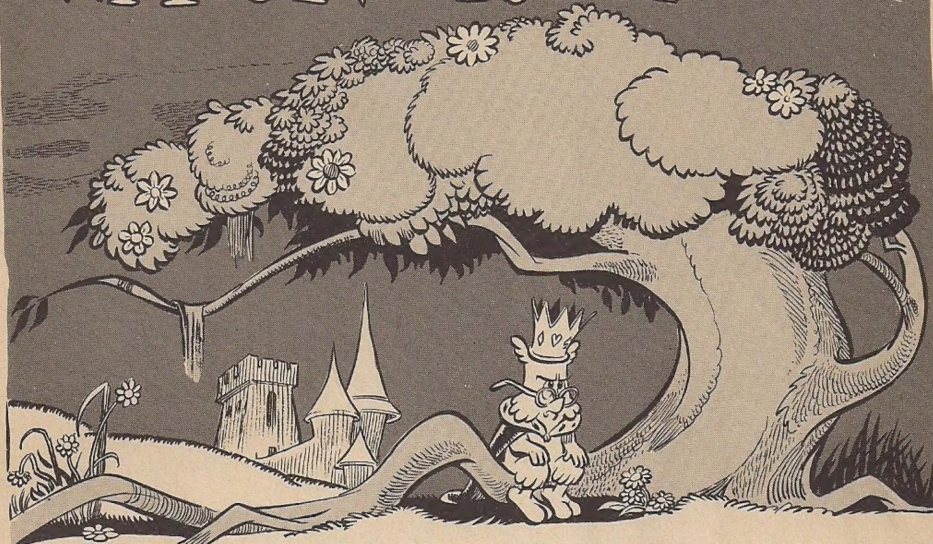


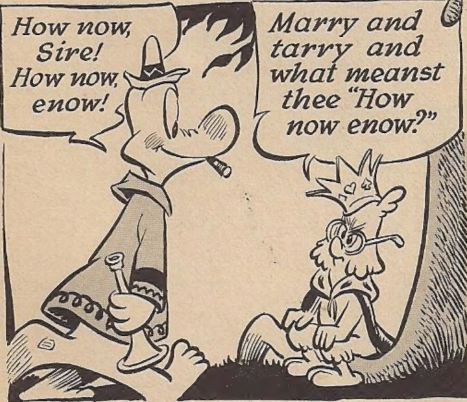
WAR NOR PEACE



Many years ago in a period commonly known as *Next Friday Afternoon* there lived a king who was very gloomy on Tuesday mornings because he was so sad thinking about how unhappy he had been on Monday and how completely mournful he would be on Wednesday.

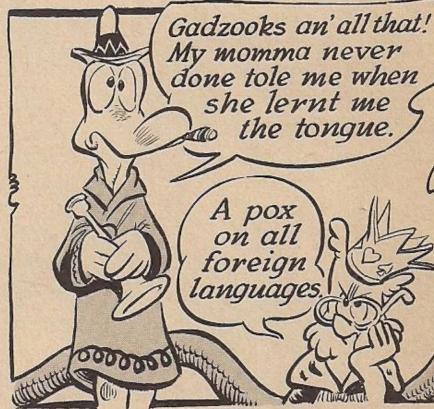
How now,
Sire!
How now,
enow!

Marry and
tarry and
what meanst
thee "How
now enow?"



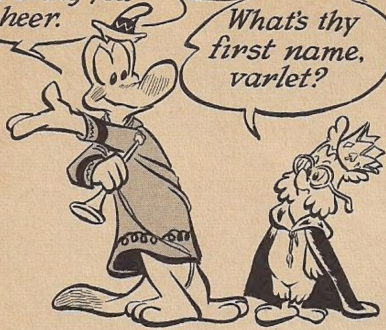
Gadzooks an' all that!
My momma never
done tole me when
she lernt me
the tongue.

A pox
on all
foreign
languages!



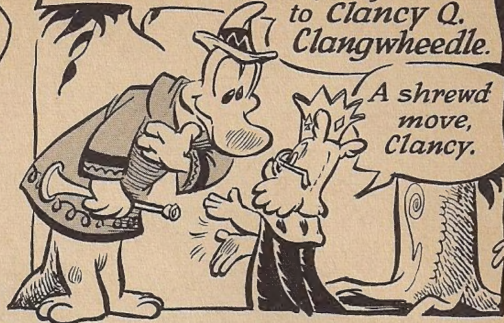
*But come now, Sire, bid foul
care a fond adieu. I am here
to bring you
cheer.*

*What's thy
first name,
varlet?*



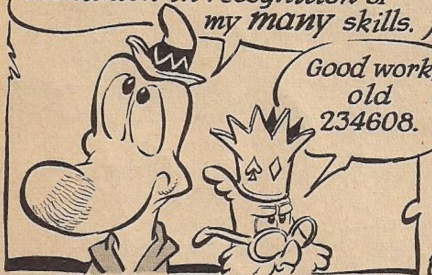
*My first name, your blue-eyed
ever lovin' Majesty, was Sam---
Sam Varlet, but I changed it
to Clancy Q.
Clangwheedle.*

*A shrewd
move,
Clancy.*



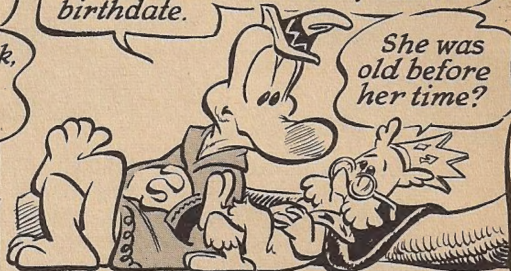
*And then, my next name was
No. 234608---an appellation
conferred upon me by a public
institution in recognition of
my many skills.*

*Good work,
old
234608.*



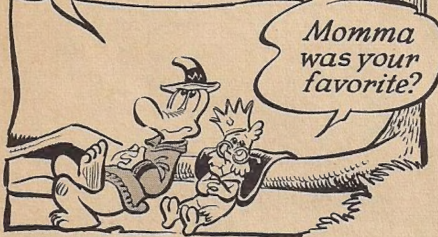
*It was my favorite name--I would
of had it for ten years but the
parole board gave me the sack---
a cruel blow---it was my mother's
birthdate.*

*She was
old before
her time?*



*Prithee pity an' pardon me,
Sire, but you're doggone
right--Momma was ninety-
nine afore her time was
up---two terms, umf!*

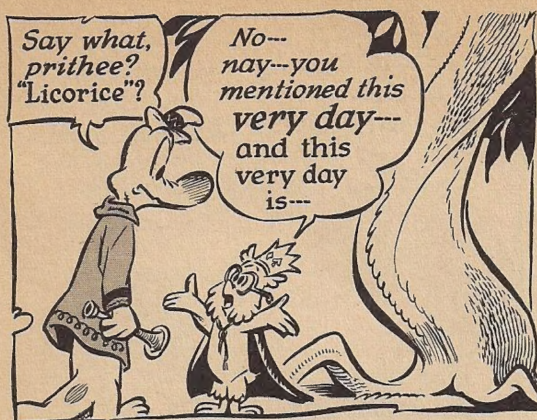
*Momma
was your
favorite?*



*Mrs. Momma to you, if your
silly old Majesty pleases, Sire---
no, Momma wasn't my favorite,
licorice was my
favorite and is
my favorite to
this very day.*

*Oh
why
did you
say that?*





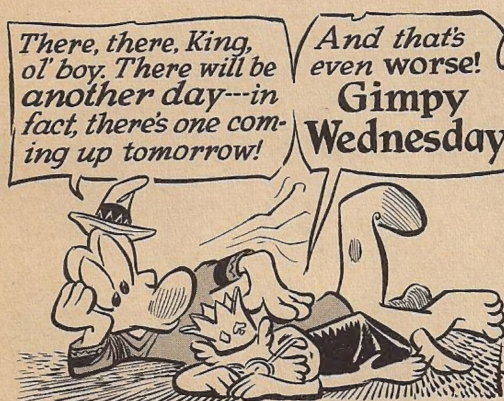
Say what, prithee? "Licorice"?

No--- nay---you mentioned this **very day**--- and this very day is---



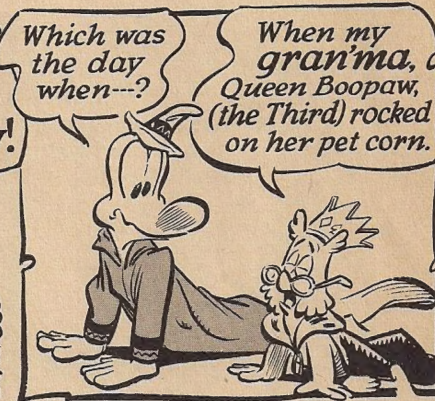
Bald Tuesday!

The day my grandsire was strick hairless!



There, there, King, ol' boy. There will be **another day**---in fact, there's one coming up tomorrow!

And that's even worse! **Gimpy Wednesday!**



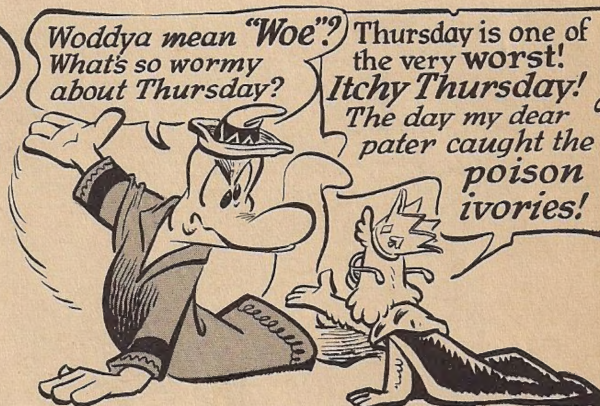
Which was the day when---

When my **gran'ma**, Queen Boopaw, (the Third) rocked on her pet corn.



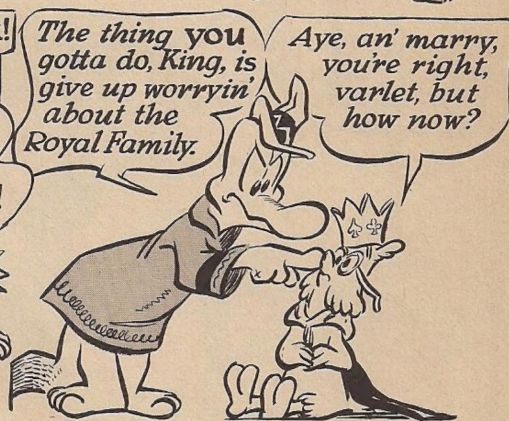
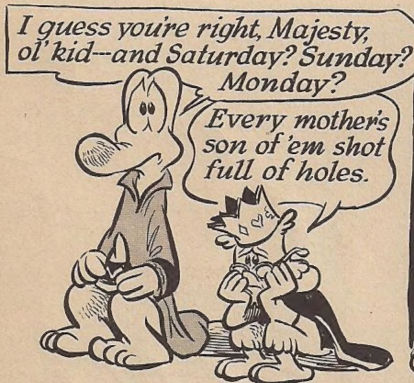
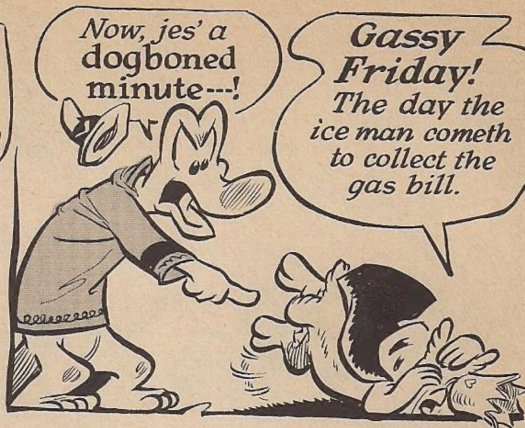
But--- hark! Give ear! Ere thee weep, think of **Thursday!**

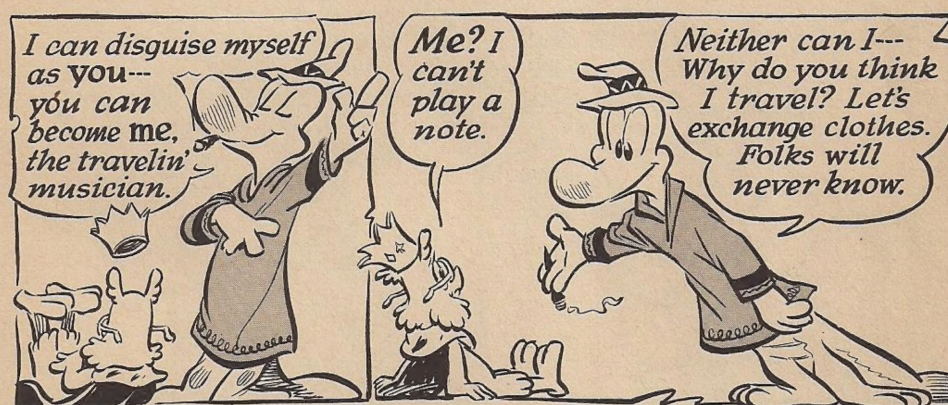
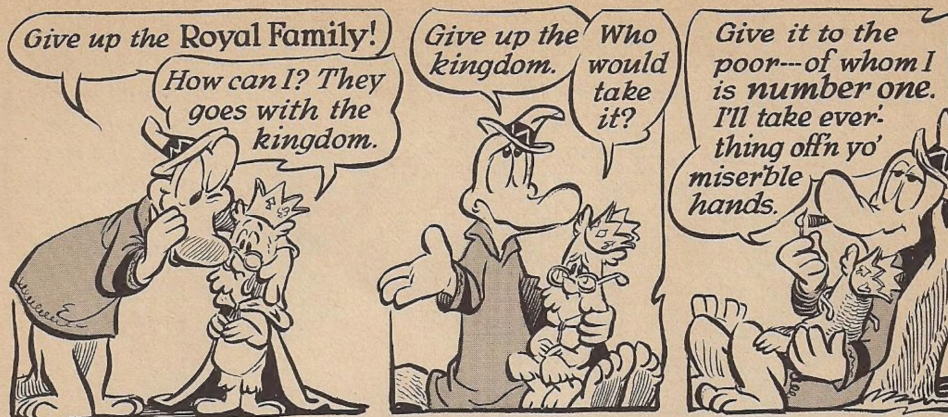
Woe!

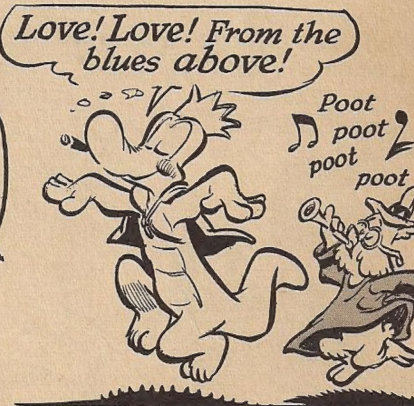
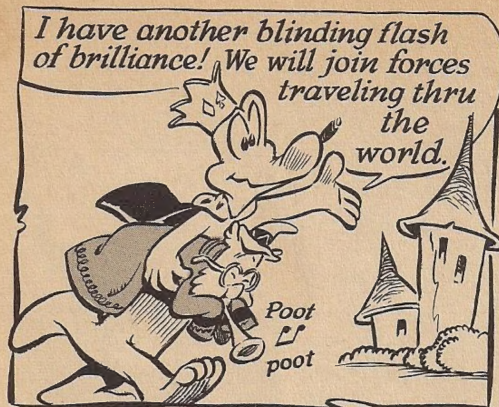


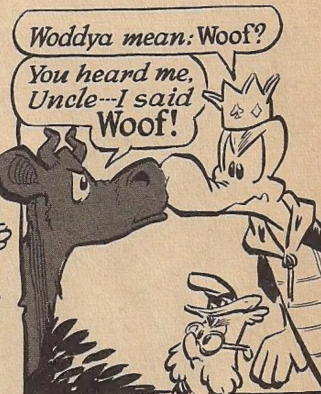
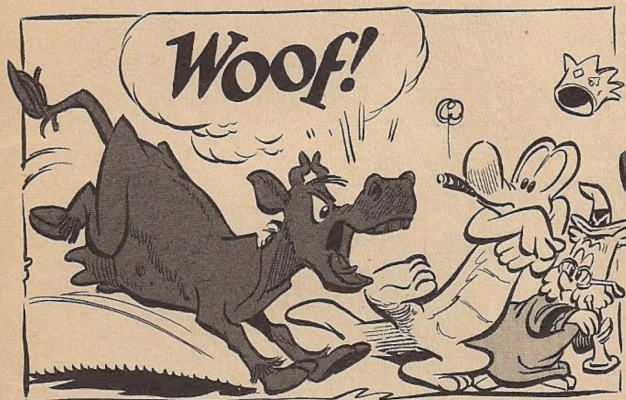
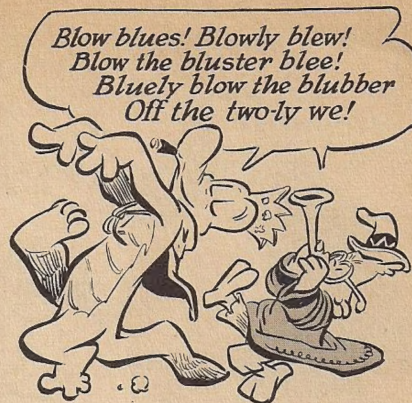
Woddya mean "**Woe**"? What's so wormy about Thursday?

Thursday is one of the very worst! **Itchy Thursday!** The day my dear pater caught the **poison ivories!**









*I, sir, am in service here as
a dog---special appointment
to his Majesty, the janitor.*



*You, sir or
madam, is
nothin'
but a cow.*



*Or mebbe
a goat!*

*Oncet I were a cow enow,
A prilly billy cow O how,
But when I grew faint and fail
They clummed I
were beyond the
pail.*



